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Lowell there is no time to speak. Likewise opportunity is lacking for adequate expression of the value of the Greek drama in estimating, not only the confessedly classic plays of Milton and Swinburne, but the very heart and soul of the distinctively English theater.

It will be said, perhaps, that translations will do the business. The Greekless Keats had the Greek spirit in its perfection. Emerson found it irksome to read even modern books in the original, when good versions were available; yet we call him the Yankee Plato. Pope translated Homer without knowing Greek at all.

The exception tests the rule. Who has duplicated Keats's achievement? How many of us are Keatses? The lack of the Greek sense of symmetry is precisely the point for which Emerson has been most justly and persistently assailed by literary critics. And, if what Pope really did was not to take Homer out of Greek, but to turn Chapman's rugged Alexandrines into flowing Augustan pentameters, what a marvelous loss it has been to English letters! If he had only known Greek as Bentley knew it, there would be less talk about his diamonds being paste, and the world would have been spared several later versions of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

From this multiplicity of versions arises, indeed, one of the most potent of reasons for knowing Homer at first-hand. We must choose between Chapman, Pope, Cowper, Bryant, Palmer, Howland, and Andrew Lang. Keats preferred Chapman. Bentley, though he acknowledged that Pope had made a pretty poem, declared it was not Homer; Carlyle, on the other hand, as late as 1871, called Pope's the best English version; an opinion shared, I believe, by De Quincey, Augustine Birrell, and several others, including the committee on college-entrance requirements in English. Nobody reads Cowper, so nobody is qualified to pass judgment on him. Patriotic Americans vote for Bryant, and Harvard men feel constrained to put in a word for Palmer; while in Chicago, unless you know Greek, there is no escape from Howland. Austin Dobson, as is natural, confesses cautiously that, if he is to learn in prose how Homer sang, he likes him best in Butcher and in Lang, which sounds pretty and hurts nobody. And then, to cap the climax, Matthew Arnold writes a glorious essay on how not to translate Homer, proving all false that has been written hitherto and putting us to ignorance again, but establishing beyond the peradventure of a doubt the point we set out to prove, namely, that the only way to decide which is the right translation is to learn Greek and read the original.

In spite of all this, it is a fact that Homer has been better translated than any other Greek poet. Except in fragments, Pindar, Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides do not in any high and satisfactory

sense exist for us in English. Frere's Aristophanes is, indeed, a tart one and a merry; and Andrew Lang has made a delightful prose version of Theocritus; but, in general, the instruments do not exist for penetrating to the heart of Greek literature without a knowledge of the Greek language.

Can the student afford the time to gain this knowledge? The specialist in English assuredly can. Considering the interests involved the investment will not be heavy. The department of Greek in the university by offering to beginners a course the object of which is to make facile readers rather than exact scholars, has made it easy for the student, at the end of two years, to have his Xenophon, his Homer, and his tragedies in pretty good shape.

If a practical suggestion as to the ways and means of stimulating interest in Greek be admissible, I am tempted to express a desire to see the university undertake a somewhat frequent production of Greek plays. Some who have worn the cothurnus assure me that that experience produced in them a love and an understanding of the language which they would not willingly be without.

It is my wish to leave you in an amiable frame of mind. I believe that, in spite of all I have said, I am in real accord with the magnificent progress which education is making among us along new lines. I am a friend to household arts and manual training. I look with approval on stenography, book-keeping, commercial geography, laboratory science, and applied athletics. And I believe that, in what I have said, there is nothing to which the advocates of these subjects may not heartily and consistently subscribe. I heartily agree that, for the general reader of English literature, Greek is a luxury. The point that I wish to make is that, for the specialist in literature, it is a necessity; and I trust that you will believe with me that, if the time ever comes when its spirit and its ideals cease to be preserved among us by a large and eager band of scholars, the loss that will ensue can be regarded as nothing less than a national calamity.

ENGLEWOOD HIGH SCHOOL, Chicago.

E. L. MILLER.

#### REVIEW

Roman Cities in Italy and Dalmatia. By A. L. Frothingham. New York: Sturgis and Walton Co. (1910). Pp. xi + 343 (with 61 plates). \$1.75.

This book, though popular and unscholastic, is written with a definite purpose. The author, needless to say, is quite at home in the rôle of cicerone, and conducts the reader entertainingly through many interesting places, often far from the beaten track. But the whole tour is so planned that the net result is a goodly store of material for the reconstruction of Rome itself, as it was during the later Republic and under Augustus. One soon discovers that a projected *magnum opus* is here sketched

in popular outline. Professor Frothingham's thesis is, that what is lost to us at Rome in consequence of later changes, may be recovered in all essentials by a careful study of the towns of Italy and Dalmatia, whether they represent influences which affected the development of Roman art, or were themselves colonies, aping in every possible way the public buildings of the capital. Interest naturally centers around the age of Augustus, of which—now that the Pantheon has been relegated to the time of Hadrian—Rome retains so few monuments in any tolerable state of preservation. Professor Frothingham is gifted—sometimes suspiciously so—in divining that this arch or that theater is of the Augustan age, or even earlier. And here many will at once take issue with the conclusions of one who is guided so often by the stylistic sense, where tangible evidence is lacking. Yet it is no doubt true that outside of Rome there may be found more remains from the hand of the first emperor than is generally supposed, though certainty is unattainable. An example of Professor Frothingham's method may be seen in his treatment of the Porta dei Borsari, at Verona (p. 255). He would claim for Augustus the twin gateways, with their engaged columns and their entablatures and pediments, conceding the two upper stories to Gallienus, who probably destroyed the original inscription, to make way for his own none too veracious epigraphy. Probably every Beaux Arts student who has sketched the arch, has made the same conjecture.

Besides his penchant for the Augustan and the pre-Augustan, the author has a theory, much in evidence in this book, to account for the presence of so many so-called triumphal arches at Roman colonies. When a colony was founded, he believes, it was customary to plant a monumental arch "across the main approach, on the sacred boundary line or *pomerium*" (216). These "colony arches" are surprisingly ubiquitous, and the fact that some of them are inscribed with the names of private citizens, so that they have always been regarded as family monuments, does not appear to Professor Frothingham an insuperable obstacle. He convinces himself that the Sergii at Pola, the Iulii at S. Remy, the Campani at Aix-les-Bains, the Gavii at Verona, were military leaders, to whom unusual influence in the government of the new-fledged colony was conceded by Julius Caesar or Augustus (253). The question is one of great interest, of course, and some day clearer evidence, it is hoped, will be forthcoming.

The book is readable, and will no doubt serve its purpose. One could wish that the fatality which attends such works at their birth had spared us a few of the many small errors and some of the larger. Of the former a few examples follow: On p. 143 the date of Pyrrhus's invasion is given as 240; on p.

148, 210 should be 310; on pp. 274, 278, Vienna is said to have been Vindobonum (!); on p. 301, top, there is a misplaced sentence; on pp. 47, 196, there are several small slips in citing inscriptions. The plate facing page 197 is labelled Arpinum, when Aquinum is meant; the same error is twice repeated in the list of illustrations, where in general the proofreader must have taken a long nap. More serious is a grotesque mistranslation on p. 245 fin., putting into the mouth of Tacitus a remark about Verona, which one does not find in the original. On p. 318 the mausoleum of Diocletian at Spalato is "the only well preserved imperial tomb in existence". Galla Placidia is evidently forgotten—also the author's "discovery" of the tomb of Marcus Aurelius. Altogether unaccountable is the repetition on p. 315 of the long exploded statements in regard to the arcaded colonnades of Spalato: "the earliest use of lines of free-standing arcades resting on columns. For the first time the old straight architrave is discarded". Without belittling the immense influence of Spalato on later architecture, one must confront the enthusiasm of Freeman and Frothingham with the Casa dell' abbondanza at Pompeii, where one side of a peristyle shows six arches with stuccoed voussoirs resting upon columns. Archivolts are lacking, but the principle is the same as at Spalato. And Professor Mau once assured the reviewer that further evidence of the same kind is available in one or two other houses at Pompeii.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

FRANK GARDNER MOORE.

### CRETAN REPRODUCTIONS<sup>1</sup>

In the Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art for May, 1920, there is an article on the collection of Cretan Reproductions owned by the Museum. The major part of the article is here reproduced (the paper is illustrated by four excellent cuts).

In the February number of the Bulletin for 1908 was published an account of our collection representing Greek prehistoric art, now exhibited in Gallery 20. This collection, from force of circumstances, consists mostly of reproductions, because, as is well known, the Cretan authorities will not permit the export of any important work from their island. But the splendid facsimiles made by E. Gilliéron and H. Bagge are of sufficient accuracy to give us a vivid idea of the originals. In the last two years considerable additions have been made to this collection, which show still further the wonderful versatility of the early Cretan artists, and, moreover,

<sup>1</sup> At the meeting of The Classical Association of the Atlantic States held at New York in April last Dr. Edward Robinson, Assistant Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, spoke most interestingly of what the Museum is doing or planning to do along lines of interest to students of the Classics. The address was delivered without notes and no record of it was made. In lieu of such a record we shall print from time to time, as we have done heretofore, in whole or in part, articles published in the Bulletin of the Museum. For such articles in Volume 3 see pages 31, 53-54, 63, 214-215, 222-223. We had made extensive preparations to indicate to our readers what they may find in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts of profit to them but it seemed better to defer the carrying out of this plan till the Museum was definitely settled in its new home.